

Keziah Jones, Prodigal Funk

Ooowee, who to believe?
Father's turned into a child
Oh Lord have mercy on me
Oh please look through my eyes
Look through my eyes, it's no surprise

Oh why do they treat you badly?
When you sleep slaves know they're free
Your pain is killing me
Your shadow weeps in my room
Weeps in my room, you aged too soon

And now? It's the prodigal funk
No-one knows where it's come from
One wish one last fools wish
Please show the blinded road, the blinded road
And then I'll go

Ooowe, who to believe?
Mothers turned into fear
Oh Lord have mercy on me
Tell feeling to pull us near, to pull us near
I promise I won't compare

And now? A strangers at my door
Offering me money to say some more
Should I take the gold and run?
Or should I play the prodigal funk, the prodigal funk

See me gone

Upon your crown of beautiful white hair
I cried on
My tears flowed where flowers don't dare
To lie on or die on
Because they know that
Wherever the thruth is born
The day will come
Some say that black is despair
But you shine on
Some say Africa's going nowhere
You proved them wrong, them wrong
Cos they know wherever the truth is born
The day will come, the day will come, the day will come